Appearance is againſt Them,

A

F A R C E,

IN TWO ACTS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

4

Appearance is againſt Them,

A

FARCE,

IN TWO ACTS,

AS IT IS ACTED

AT THE THEATRE ROYAL,

COVENT GARDEN.

DUBLIN:

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M,DCC,LXXXVI.

BRITISH MUSEUM

PROLOGUE.

BEFORE this court our Authoreſs you'll allow,
Muſt feel—a ſimile ſhall tell you how—
And doing what good ſquires wou'd do of courſe,
Compare we thus our Lady to a horſe.
Suppoſe ſome pony then, of make and blood,
In jockey phraſe, a little bit but good;
Who, beating all competitors in pace,
Had won the whip of many a country race;
Urg'd by its maſter, or the love of gain,
Should this our poney ſeek Newmarket's plain.
How ſoon might all its little honours fade,
Sunk on "The Flats," or ſticking in "Choak-jade."

FANCY Newmarket then the ſcene you ſee,
You are "the knowing ones" the pony ſhe—
Has ſhe not then well-founded cauſe to dread—
Speak, would ye bet the odds upon her head.

BUT, ſimile apart, the fact is this,
The day has been ſhe has not done amiſs;
But praiſe has made her tim'rous more than vain,
And late ſucceſs augments the preſent pain.
A woman—there's indulgence in the name—
A widow too—that gives a ſtronger claim.

If

PROLOGUE.

If ſhe ſhould fall, ſhe falls as women do,
"Like ſtars," ſucceſsful ſhe may riſe anew.

The Ladies, ſure, will not their aid withdraw,
Whoſe ſmile is triumph, and whoſe looks are law.
The Beaux—if wits there are among ſuch men—
May gladly claim acquaintance with her pen.
Some Bard, perhaps, who thrives by oppoſition,
Might form a kind of ſcribbling coalition.
Her aid, in odes, probationary cite,
—Thoſe odes, which Poets-laureat never write;
Whoſe ſoft court ſmall-talk flows in numbers bland,
And greatly ſports at queſtion and command—
Here law, with open hand and ready mouth,
There Scotch, that never reach'd beyond the South.
Great Indian names, that mock articulation,
And Iriſh wit, of Engliſh fabrication.
If Wit and Beauty then for us write,
Who will deny their powerful aid to-night.—
Will you, gay Gods, refuſe your broad-brim'd ſmile,
From painted ſkies, and ſtars of patent oil;
Or you, who boaſt below a ſnugger birth,
Ye midway Deities 'twixt heaven and earth—
I ſee you're kind—our thanks are due for that;
I find you've not forgot—"I'll tell you what."

BRITISH
8 MR 1921
MUSEUM

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MUSEUM

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. Walmſley,	Mr. QUICK.
Lord Lighthead,	Mr. PALMER.
Clownly,	Mr. KENNEDY.
Thompſon,	Mr. THOMPSON.
Servant to Lord Lighthead,	Mr. SWORDS.
Servant to Lady Mary,	Mr. LEDGER.
Humphry,	Mr. EDWIN.
Lady Mary Magpie,	Mrs. WEBB.
Lady Loveall,	Mrs. BATES.
Miſs Angle,	Mrs. MORTON.
Miſs Audley,	Miſs STEWART.
Betty,	Mrs. DAVENETT.
Fiſh,	Mrs. WILSON.

Appearance is againſt Them.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Miſs ANGLE *and* FISH *diſcovered.*

Miſs ANGLE. THERE's ſomebody at the door, Fiſh—'tis Lady Mary Magpie—let her in—even her ridiculous vanity is more ſupportable than the reflection on my own.

FISH. Lady Mary, ma'am. (*Opens the door.*)

Enter Lady MARY.

Miſs ANGLE. Good-morrow, dear Lady Mary.

Lady MARY. Nay, ſit ſtill—and, Mrs. Fiſh, do you ſtay.—I have brought ſomething to ſhew your miſtreſs, and you may ſee it too, if ſhe will give you leave.

Miſs

Miſs ANGLE. Certainly.—Fiſh, you may ſtay.

Lady MARY. There! (*Opening a ſhawl.*) What do you think of that?—A preſent from Mr. Walmſley—a ſhawl, worth at a moderate valuation, no leſs than a hundred and fifty guineas.—He gave it me this minute—it came over but laſt night from India—has been on the ſeas ſeven months—was in that terrible ſtorm of October laſt.——Little did I think, when I heard of thoſe dreadful wrecks, and the many ſouls that periſhed, that I had a ſhawl at ſea: if I had, I ſhould have ſuffered a martyrdom!—Now is not it pretty?—Beautiful?—He aſſures me, his correſpondent writes him word, "There is but one more ſuch in all India."—And I'm to wear it the firſt time on my wedding-day.

Miſs ANGLE. It is very beautiful indeed.

Lady MARY. An't you well, my dear?—You don't ſeem to underſtand its value.—What do you ſay to it, Mrs. Fiſh?

FISH. Oh madam!—I like it of all things!—

Lady MARY. I dare ſay you do. But come, my dear Miſs Angle, what's the matter with you? Since you firſt came to town, you are the moſt altered creature I ever ſaw!—

FISH. Your Ladyſhip does not think my miſtreſs has loſt any of her beauty, I hope?—

Lady MARY. As for that, Mrs. Fiſh, I dare ſay your Lady has made obſervation enough to know,

know, that beauty is of little weight here;—of no ſignification at all!—Beauty in London is ſo cheap, and conſequently ſo common to the men of faſhion, (who are prodigiouſly fond of novelty) that they abſolutely begin to fall in love with the ugly women, by way of change.—

FISH. And does your Ladyſhip think old women will ever come into faſhion?—

Lady MARY. They are in faſhion—they have been in faſhion ſome time.—Girls, and young women, have made themſelves ſo cheap, they are quite out.—

Miſs ANGLE. I believe ſo.—

(*Aſide.*)

Lady MARY. As ſoon as the vulgar lay hold of any thing, the people of ton leave it off,—Such is the caſe with young women.—The vulgar have laid hold of them, and they are quite out.—

FISH. Oh dear me!

Lady MARY. But come, my dear Angle, pluck up your ſpirits, againſt you know when—you are to be one of my bridemaids you know—Oh how I long to be away from lodgings, and in a houſe of my own.—Mr. Walmſley ſays, he ſhall invite you to ſtay a day or two with us.—He likes you (ſtranger as you are to us both) very much I aſſure you.—He is a great admirer of virtue, in us females; and, notwithſtanding his little oddities, would do any thing

thing for a woman of character; and your refuſing that vile Lord's odious addreſſes (which I inform'd him of) has intereſted him for you exceedingly. Well, heaven bleſs you—I can't ſtay—he'll be quite impatient. *(Going)* I may tell him you like the ſhawl I ſuppoſe?

Miſs ANGLE. Beautiful, beyond meaſure!

Lady MARY. And you, Mrs. Fiſh?

FISH. Charming, ma'am.

Lady MARY. Did I tell you there was but one more ſuch in all India?

(*Coming back.*)

Miſs ANGLE. You did.

Lady MARY. Only think of it's being in that ſtorm.

(*Exit.*)

Miſs ANGLE. Would I had been in the ſtorm, and had fallen it's victim!—

FISH. Dear madam!—

Miſs ANGLE. Oh Fiſh, that woman's nonſenſe, at which you laugh'd, was graced with ſentiments of the ſtricteſt truth!—Young women are no longer thought of here.—How raſhly did I give credit to our fooliſh country people!—They told me, that, "Tho' only admired by them, in London I ſhou'd be adored—that beauty here was rare—that virtue"——

FISH. Well, madam, and that is rare, every body knows!

Miſs

Miſs ANGLE. But is it valued?—No.—As ſoon as I gave Lord Lighthead proofs of my poſſeſſing it, what was the conſequence?—I have neither ſeen nor heard of him ſince.——

FISH. That's very odd!—For my part I thought him ſo much in love!—And ſometimes I thought you looked a little——

Miſs ANGLE. That I felt a warmth—a ſomething like tenderneſs for him, I own; but that it was the effect of love I will not pretend to ſay—It was perhaps the effect of hope—Pride too, had a great ſhare in the agitation of my heart—and gratitude might have confirm'd the whole ſenſation love.——But, in the moment gratitude ſhou'd have been inſpired, reſentment, indignation, took poſſeſſion—and I am now left ſolely to ſhame and diſappointment.

FISH. Well!—it's very odd that a man ſhould give himſelf ſo much trouble to come here after you, ſo many times as he did, and then all of a ſudden never to come near you for a whole month.—I ſhould not mind loſing him, neither, if ſome duke or other great man would come inſtead of him; or even that ſtrange young man we met on the road, as we came to town, and that was ſo kind to us when our chaiſe broke down.

Miſs ANGLE. Honeſt creature!

FISH. Well, as ſure as ever I was in love in my life, that young man and his ſervant were both as deep in love——

Miſs ANGLE. With me?

FISH. No: the maſter with you, and the man with me.—But we, I thought, were coming to town to make our fortune, and ſo I was above making it on the road. For notwithſtanding that young man looked ſo countrified, and had hardly a word to ſay for himſelf, he's worth thouſands!—And poor Humphry, his ſervant, perſuaded me to give him our direction; that his maſter and he might come after us to London—And yet, to ſee the ficklenes of man! we have heard nor ſeen nothing of them.—But, dear madam, his Lordſhip runs moſt in my head—Perhaps he is ſick?

Miſs ANGLE. No—he viſits the drawing-room, conſtantly; as we read in the papers.—I wonder what he wou'd ſay if he was accidentally to meet me?——

FISH. He'd fall in love with you as much as ever.—Suppoſe, madam, you was to write to him?—

Miſs ANGLE. For ſhame?

FISH. Dear madam, I know a few lines from you wou'd cheer his heart, and he would be as dying for you as ever!—Oh! when I have given him a letter from you, how he has jumped for joy! how he has kiſs'd it! and how he has kiſs'd me!——

Miſs

Miſs ANGLE. Cou'd I write to him with any appearance of prudence—for inſtance, upon any buſineſs—I ſhou'd have no objection: it wou'd at leaſt remind him of me, and bring matters to a deciſion.

FISH. Then do, madam, contrive to write to him about ſome buſineſs.

Miſs ANGLE. What buſineſs can I pretend?

FISH. Dear madam! if you had a handſome piece of ſilk for a gown, or a diamond pin, or ſomething of that kind, you might return it him back again.——

Miſs ANGLE. Return it him again! What do you mean?

FISH. Why, madam, you might ſend it him back—as if you had received the preſent from a perſon unknown: and concluding that it *muſt* come from his Lordſhip, you had thought proper to return it—and ſo you might ſend him, with it, a fine long virtuous letter, that "you wou'd not receive a preſent from a king, that had evil deſigns upon you," and ſo on—and ſo on—and ſo on.—This, I am ſure would make him ten times fonder of you than ever—for he would think ſome rival had been ſending you the preſent in that anonymous manner, which had made you think it was him—and I know he wou'd——

Miſs ANGLE. I proteſt there is ſomething in that ſcheme which pleaſes me.

FISH. Do it, madam—do it.

Miſs ANGLE. But how can I?—I have nothing of value—nothing that I cou'd ſuppoſe he wou'd ſend for a preſent, and which I could think of conſequence enough to return.

FISH. What's your watch, madam?

Miſs ANGLE. An old faſhion'd thing!

FISH. Lord! I have thought of ſomething! The fineſt thing!——

Miſs ANGLE. What?—

FISH. Lady Mary Magpie's ſhawl—You know, ma'am, 'tis the fineſt thing in the world—There is but one more ſuch in all the univerſe.

Miſs ANGLE. But the ſhawl is not mine!

FISH. No, ma'am—but I dare ſay I know where her ladyſhip has laid it, and I can get it. (*Going to the door.*)

Miſs ANGLE. For ſhame!

FISH. Dear madam, do you think I'd ſteal it—It cou'd do it no harm to be a few hours at his Lordſhip's—He'd ſend it back directly: you may depend upon that—And then ſuch

ſuch a fine thing?—It would make him think that ſome great man indeed had taken a fancy to you—and he'd be ſo afraid of loſing you.——

Miſs ANGLE. Well!——I proteſt——if I thought——

FISH. I can get it, ma'am, with all the eaſe in the world—I dare ſay.

(*Runs out.*)

Miſs ANGLE. What will become of me?—Where will my folly end?

Enter FISH.

FISH. Yes—yes—ma'am, I can get it—her Ladyſhip has ſpread it on the bed in the blue chamber, and is gone out for the whole evening; and will ſleep at her couſin's, Lady Beach's—her maid told me ſo in the morning.

Miſs ANGLE. But ſuppoſe his Lordſhip ſhould not return it?

FISH. Laud, ma'am! do you think his Lordſhip will keep it, when he'll know he did not ſend it you?—His Lordſhip is not a thief, I ſuppoſe—You'll have it back, ma'am, I'll anſwer for it at an hour or two, and himſelf with it.—The perſon ſhan't leave it, ma'am, if his Lordſhip is not at home; and then you'll be

ſure to have it in an hour or two—I'll go ſteal it—I'll go ſteal it. (*Going.*)

Miſs ANGLE. Steal it!

FISH. Take it, ma'am—not ſteal it. (*Exit.*

Miſs ANGLE. This ſcheme will at leaſt renew our acquaintance—and this is all I want—for if, on the renewal, he appears cold, I will leave London inſtantly—if, on the contrary, he is as much in love as ever——

Enter FISH, *with the Shawl.*

FISH. I have got it—I have got it—here it is.—Now, madam, come into your bed chamber and write a very affecting letter, while I do it up, and ſend for a porter.

Miſs ANGLE. I proteſt I am frighten'd—tho' we take it but to return again.

FISH. Dear madam! I am ſure it is not in half the danger as when it was in the great ſtorm! (*Pulling her off.*) (*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Chamber at Lord LIGHTHEAD's

Enter Miſs AUDLEY *and* THOMPSON.

Miſs AUDLEY. What!—his Lordſhip is gone to ſee Lady Loveall, thus early, I ſuppoſe?—or rather has ſtaid with her thus late!

THOMPSON. You are juſt like her Ladyſhip, ma'am, for ſhe is ever accuſing my Lord of being with you—But I aſſure you, ma'am, his Lordſhip ſlept at home—(*a loud rap*)—There he is, madam. (*Exit.*

Miſs AUDLEY. Yes—I have heard of her Ladyſhip's jealouſy—and that ſhe ſometimes ſearches this whole houſe to find me.

Re-enter THOMPSON.

THOMPSON. Dear madam, I hear Mr. Walmſley's voice—my Lord's uncle, madam!—they are coming here—what ſhall we do, madam? My maſter will murder me if his uncle ſhould ſee you!—a croſs old man, madam—knocks every body down that he does not like—and he has a great diſlike to a fine lady, and if he ſhould ſee you here, ſuch a life my Lord will have of it!

Miſs AUDLEY. Oh! you need tell me no more.—I know Mr. Walmſley's character well.

—Where

—Where can I go? I would ſooner jump out of the window than meet him—a cruel, unfeeling—piece of ice!

THOMPSON. Here, madam, ſtep into my Lord's bed-chamber.

Miſs AUDLEY. His bed-chamber! Well, the creature won't ſtay long?

THOMPSON. Not above ten minutes, I dare ſay, ma'am. (*She goes into the chamber.*)

(*Exit Servant.*

Enter Mr. WALMSLEY *and* Lord LIGHTHEAD.

WALMSLEY. Don't tell me, my Lord—you are a bad man—a very bad man—you ſay in excuſe for your vices, they are faſhionable—but I, being out of the faſhion, can call 'em only wicked.

Lord LIGHTH. What vices, Sir?

WALMSLEY. Why, you are a fellow that falls in love with every face you ſee; and yet admire your own more than any one of them. —You are a man whoſe purſe is open to every gambler and courtezan, and is never ſhut, but to objects of real diſtreſs.

Lord LIGHTH. But how are you informed of this?

WALMSLEY. Hear it!—told of it by every body!—Do you think any thing but conviction would have forced me to the raſh ſtep I have taken?—

taken?—Wou'd any thing but a certainty that you are unworthy to be my heir, have forced me to the deſperate reſolution of marrying, notwithſtanding my natural averſion to oppoſition?

Lord LIGHTH. I hope, Sir, when you marry—

WALMSLEY. Hope! Pſhaw!—I know well enough what marriage is—'Tis a poeſy of thorns—nobody knows where to lay hold of it—'Tis a ſtormy ſea, where nothing is to be expected but ſqualls, tempeſts and ſhipwrecks!—One cries, "Help"—another, "Lord have mercy "upon us"—a third, "'Tis all over with us"—and ſouſe they all go into the ocean of calamity.

Lord LIGHTH. Then, for heaven's ſake, Sir, if this is your opinion, decline your intention of marrying.

WALMSLEY. I can't—'tis too late—my word is paſs'd.—Your indiſcretions put me in a paſſion, and I took a raſh ſtep!—a ſtep I never intended to take.—I offered a lady to marry her, in the heat of anger, and ſhe took me at my word, before I had time to grow cool and recant.

Lord LIGHTH. How unfortunate!

WALMSLEY. I was not aware ſhe would be ſo ſudden!—but I was in ſuch a violent paſſion;—all againſt you for your follies—I was deviliſh

deviliſh hot! I don't remember that I was ever in ſuch a heat in my life; I ſtrutted—and fretted—and walk'd—and talk'd—all in anger againſt you; which ſhe took for love to her, and ſo was overcome in leſs than ten minutes.

Lord LIGHTH. Dear Sir, had I been preſent—

WALMSLEY. Why, then, I ſhould have broken every bone in your ſkin!—But as it was—I vented my rage—in kiſſing the lady; and won her heart without farther trouble.—It's impoſſible I could have won her ſo ſoon, but by my being in that violent rage; for ſhe's a particular, prudent, diſcreet, reſerv'd, middle-aged woman; and nothing but my great violence cou'd have had that effect upon her.

Lord LIGHTH. But, Sir, is it poſſible that you ſhould pay attention to a raſh promiſe in a moment of anger?

WALMSLEY. My word!—My word is as dear to me as my honor—It is my honor—and I cannot keep one without keeping both.

Lord LIGHTH. But now you are cool, Sir,

WALMSLEY. Yes, I am cool—but now the lady is in a paſſion—and I muſt keep my word with her, tho' I am afraid ſhe'll never find me *warm* on the ſubject again.

Lord LIGHTH. Dear Sir? And all this to revenge yourſelf on me? A man whoſe greateſt faults

faults ariſe merely from the report of malicious enemies.

WALMSLEY. Enemies!—Pſhaw!—That's always your excuſe!—But have not I enemies as well as you? And yet, I dare ſay, you never heard of my being caught gallanting my neighbour's wife?—Or walking arm-in-arm with a milliner? Or following fine ladies home to their lodgings?—Nor did you ever hear me accuſed of deſtroying a beautiful young woman's peace of mind—Did you?

Lord LIGHTH. I can't ſay I ever did, Sir.

WALMSLEY. Then don't pretend to deny the reports I have heard of you.——Don't I know that you were caught with Lady Loveall and——

Lord LIGHTH. I own, Sir, I have been very unfortunate as to Appearances—Appearances, and thoſe alone, have been the ruin of my reputation;—accidents ſo ſtrange, that no human wiſdom cou'd prevent or avoid them—I have been found, for inſtance, with a female, whom I never had the ſmalleſt familiarity with, in the moſt ſuſpicious ſituations; and only by mere accident.—

WALMSLEY. And pray was that an accident when I caught you kiſſing my houſe-keeper's daughter, as if you'd devour her?

Lord LIGHTH. Yes, upon my word, Sir, that was an accident—entirely an accident.—

My

My ſervant had juſt loſt me a favourite ſpaniel, and, had the raſcal been in the way, I ſhou'd have broken every bone in his ſkin; but, happening to meet with this poor girl, I vented my rage on her.

WALMSLEY. Then, I have only to ſay, you have loſt my eſtate by your accidents.

Enter SERVANT.

SERV. Lady Loveall, Sir, is in the parlour.

WALMSLEY. Is that an accident?

Lord LIGHTH. (*To the Serv.*) Blundering— (*Aſide.*)

SERV. I did not ſee Mr. Walmſley, Sir!— A fine life I ſhall have for this! (*Aſide and Exit.*)

WALMSLEY. This is another accident!— How dares that imprudent woman viſit you? —My blood runs cold at the thought of her —for ſhe was the cauſe of this raſh ſtep I have taken!—It was hearing of your intrigue with her that hurried me to the raſh ſtep of marrying.—Let me get out of the houſe— ſhe's poiſon to me; and ſhe knows it too, and ſpeaks to me, wherever I meet her, on purpoſe to inſult me.—Let me get away.—(*Goes to the door*) Zounds ſhe's coming here!—I won't ſee her!—I ſhall be in one of my paſſions if I do! —Where ſhall I go?—Put me ſomewhere.

Lord

Lord LIGHTH. Here, Sir,—ſtep into my bed-chamber—I'll take her Ladyſhip to another room immediately—and you may avoid her.

WALMSLEY. Oh, damn your accidents!—But, thank heaven, you are no heir of mine—you are out of my will.—

(He goes into the bed-chamber.)

Lord LIGHTH. And therefore may now offend you without fear.

Enter THOMPSON.

THOMPSON. Where's Mr. Walmſley, Sir?

Lord LIGHTH. In my bed-chamber.—What did you want with him?

THOMPSON. Oh, dear Sir! Oh dear!—Miſs Suſan Audley is there, Sir!—I cramm'd her in, when I heard your Lordſhip and Mr. Walmſley on the ſtairs, for fear he ſhould ſee her.——

Lord LIGHTH. Zounds!—but no matter!—I'm ſtruck out of his will, and may defy him.—But I don't hear him—*(liſt'ning)* he can't have ſeen her?

THOMPSON. Perhaps, Sir, ſhe's crept under the bed?

Lord LIGHTH. Very likely—for I know ſhe would rather meet a tyger. What's become of Lady Loveall?

THOMPSON. William is trying to prevent her coming up, Sir:—for ſhe ſays, it is not your uncle that you have with you, but a lady; and ſhe will ſee her.

Enter LADY LOVEALL.

Lady LOVEALL. So, my Lord.—What's the reaſon I am not to be admitted?—You've no company, neither!—Oh, you have been hiding I perceive!

Lord LIGHTH. This way—come this way—I'll tell you who it is. Don't ſpeak ſo loud.

Lady LOVEALL. None of your arts, my Lord. I will ſee who you have hid in your bed-chamber.

Lord LIGHTH. I aſſure you 'tis my Uncle.—Huſh!—Come this way.

(Leading her off.)

Lady LOVEALL. My Lord, you'll pardon me—but I can't.——

Lord LIGHTH. Huſh! Huſh!

(Exit, forcing her off.)

SCENE III.

A Bed-chamber, WALMSLEY *diſcovered liſtening at the door.*

WALMSLEY. Now I'll ſteal out—No—ſhe's coming again.

Lady

Lady LOVEALL. *(Without)* I will ſee who you have in your bed-chamber—my curioſity ſhall be ſatisfied.

WALMSLEY. Shall it!—Then there muſt be neither cloſet nor cupboard in the room.—*(Goes to the cloſet.)* The devil take it, it's lock'd.

Lady LOVEALL. *(Without)* I will ſee who you have here.

WALMSLEY. You won't—I'll get under the bed firſt.—Hold, I can't ſtoop—no matter—I'll hide myſelf under the counterpane—and madam ſhall be diſappointed.—*(He gets in and pulls the clothes over his head.)* Now find me if you can!—I believe you'll be bit.

Enter Lady LOVEALL *and* Lord LIGHTHEAD.

Lady LOVEALL. Why here's no one here!

Lord LIGHTH. Now, I hope you are ſatisfied.—Where the devil is my Uncle?

(Aſide.)

Lady LOVEALL. Did not you tell me your Uncle was here?

Lord LIGHTH. Yes—but you expected to find ſomebody elſe.

Lady LOVEALL. And there is ſomebody elſe—*(Goes to the curtain and diſcovers Miſs Audley)* A Lady! Oh! you deceitful!——*(Sits down on*

Mr. Walmſley, ſhrieks, and runs acroſs, while Walmſley riſes up in the bed.)—Ah! Ah! Ah! (*ſhrieking*) I ſhall never recover the ſhock.

WALMSLEY. Why!—Why!—What is all this!—What a ſtrange accident!——

Lady LOVEALL. I ſay accident, indeed!—

Lord LIGHTH. Accident! Uncle!

Lady LOVEALL. The ſevere, puritanical Mr. Walmſley!

Lord LIGHTH. Upon my word, Uncle, ſuch a thing in my houſe—

Lady LOVEALL. Oh! Oh! Oh!

WALMSLEY. Oh! Oh! Oh!—Deuce take your Oh's.—My Lord, you uſed to have faith in accidents.——

Lord LIGHTH. But you convinced me there were no ſuch things.—And indeed, Uncle, tho' you may think lightly of this affair, I am very much concerned at it.—My reputation, as well as yours, is at ſtake—Such a thing to happen in my houſe.—Rat me if I would have had it happened for the world!——

WALMSLEY. What has happened?—Nothing has happened!

(*To Miſs Audley*)

Lady LOVEALL. O heavens!—My Lord, I aſk your pardon for all my former ſuſpicions of you and this Lady.

Miſs

Miſs AUDLEY. I muſt cry for vexation—for 'tis in vain to attempt to clear myſelf.

(*Goes up the ſtage.*)

Lady LOVEALL. See the Lady in tears, Mr. Walmſley!—Oh! what a treat to teize him.

(*Aſide.*

Lord LIGHTH. I beg that every means may be taken to put a ſtop to this affair getting abroad.——For my part, I declare never to breathe the circumſtance to a mortal—and I dare ſay we may ſo far prevail on Lady Loveall.—

Lady LOVEALL. No, indeed—I am bound to no ſecrecy.——Mr. Walmſley has never been ſparing of my reputation, nor will I of his—the world ſhall know it.

WALMSLEY. Why then, Nephew, upon my ſoul!—I wiſh I may die!—I wiſh I may never ſpeak again!—I wiſh——

Lady LOVEALL. Wiſh!—you uſed to pretend you had no wiſhes.

WALMSLEY. I don't ſpeak to you—(*To Miſs Audley.*) Pray, madam, be ſo good as to tell me how you came into that bed?

Miſs AUDLEY. 'Tis in vain to ſay—nobody will credit me.

(*Exit Miſs Audley.*

Lady LOVEALL. Well, Mr. Walmſley I'll bid you good morning—and, though I know you to be no friend of mine, yet permit a poor weak woman to give you this counſel—that now

you are about to enter into the married ſtate, you will not ſuffer theſe depraved inclinations, (even in youth a reproach) to ruffle that tranquillity which ought ever to attend on the honourable marriage bed.

(*Exit.*

WALMSLEY. Zounds! I have not patience! —Honourable marriage bed! Why, her calling it honourable, would alone, have made me ſhudder at it, if I had not before.—That woman is the worſt of all human—

Lord LIGHTH. Dear Sir—

WALMSLEY. Why you know, my Lord, if it had not been for her, you wou'd have own'd that—that gipſey was put there to meet you—but this woman is my bane wherever I go—or whatever I do. Oh! that I could but once be reveng'd of her.—But I dare ſay I ſhall!

Lord LIGHTH. No more on this ſubject, Sir—I hope the Lady you are going to marry, may prove of a more amiable diſpoſition—and that you will like her.

WALMSLEY. Why ſince I found I muſt have her, I've been trying night and day to like her—but I can't ſay I make much progreſs.—However, I'm tolerably civil, and give her a vaſt number of preſents, as a cover for my want of affection.——She's expecting me now to go a ſhopping with her; ſo good morning—you'll come to the wedding? (*Sighing.*

Lord

Lord LIGHTH. Certainly!—when is the happy day, Sir?

WALMSLEY. How dare you call it the "*happy* day?"—You juſt heard me ſay it was the moſt wretched, miſerable affair I ever had to do with in all my life, and now you are calling it the "happy day."——

Lord LIGHTH. The *day* then, Sir—when is the day?

WALMSLEY. Thurſday (*ſighing*)—the day after to-morrow—the 21ſt of December. (*Lord Lighthead bows.*) Oh! damme, the ſhorteſt day and the longeſt night.

(*Exit.*

Enter SERVANT.

SERV. Sir, this parcel was left about half an hour ago, to be deliver'd into your Lordſhip's own hands, as ſoon as you were at leiſure.

Lord LIGHTH. What is it?—Is that the bill?

SERV. This is a letter, Sir. (*Exit.*

Lord LIGHTH. A letter!—(*Reads*)—"My Lord, altho' your Lordſhip has had the delicacy not to avow yourſelf the preſenter of this valuable gift, yet ſomething whiſpers me, it can be none but your Lordſhip to whom I am indebted for ſo generous an intention.—But, my Lord,

Lord, the intention only—permit me to remain obliged to you for.——The gift itſelf—honour, delicacy, and a thouſand ſtruggling ſenſations force me to return—and to add, that my reſidence in London has not yet ſo entirely eradicated thoſe principles imbibed in the country, as to render a gaudy bait, even an allurement; except in its being a proof, that your Lordſhip ſometimes honours with a thought, the humble, but contented,

LOUISA ANGLE."

Lord LIGHTH. Angle! Angle!—Which is that? The girl at St. James's, or the girl at Weſtminſter?—Oh! the girl at St. James's!—I don't remember ſending her a preſent!—but I ſuppoſe I did, while I was mad for her—and now I have recovered my ſenſes, I have forgot it.—What is it? (*Opens the parcel*) Zounds! but it is very handſome! and the very thing to preſent to Lady Loveall.—It will reconcile her to me immediately——for I am afraid ſhe ſuſpects me, notwithſtanding her behaviour before my Uncle.—How came I to be ſuch an extravagant puppy, as to ſend that little gipſey ſuch a preſent, and ſhe to return it, now ſhe finds I have given over my purſuit?——Faith I'm very glad ſhe did.—Richard—(*Enter Servant.*) Bring me pen, ink, and paper. (*Exit Servant.*) I certainly ordered ſome of my people to ſend this thing, but it has ſlipt my memory.—(*The ſervant brings in the pen and ink—his Lordſhip writes and gives him the letter.*

Lord

Lord LIGHTH. Here—do up that parcel, and take it, with this letter, to Lady Loveall, directly.

SERV. Yes, Sir. (*Exit.*

Lord LIGHTH. Egad, it came back at a very lucky time!—Her Ladyſhip doats upon a preſent! and ſuch a preſent as that!—Such a ſhawl!—Oh yes—the ſhawl will make her friends with me at once.

(*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

An Inn. CLOWNLY *diſcovered.*

CLOWNLY. What a journey have I and poor Humphry taken! and all perhaps for nothing! for if he ſhould even find her, ſhe may not be glad to ſee me.—(*Enter Humphry*)—Why, Humphry, I thought you were loſt?

HUMPH. Ay, maſter, and you may think yourſelf well off I was not.

CLOWNLY. Well—but have you found where Miſs Angle lives?

HUMPH. Yes—I have found her out—but ſuch a time I was about it!—Why, Sir, ſhe lives up by St. James's, or St. Giles's, I forget which!—but 'tis all the ſame.——And ſuch a thing happen'd to me as I went along!——

CLOWNLY. What?

HUMPH.

HUMPH. Why juſt as I got to what they call the P. H'es, (a pretty place)—juſt as I got under cover, three or four, or five or ſix, (or egad, there might be a dozen) fine ladies met me; and one of them did give me ſuch a ſlap in the face; the water came into my eyes again.—

CLOWNLY. What did ſhe do that for?

HUMPH. I can't tell for the life of me!—For I pull'd off my hat, and made them a civil bow—but faith, as ſoon as I felt the blow, I forgot my manners, for after madam I ran, and gave her ſuch a ſhake——

CLOWNLY. You did not?

HUMPH. But I did—and that was not the worſt of it neither.—I made a ſad miſtake—for when I came to look, the lady had got a blue gown on, and ſhe that gave me the blow was in red!

CLOWNLY. How cou'd you make ſuch a blunder?

HUMPH. Why, tho' their gowns were different, their faces were exactly the ſame colour.

CLOWNLY. But about Miſs Angle—have you ſeen her, or her maid?

HUMPH. Yes—I have ſeen Mrs. Fiſh; and ſhe ſays, that her Lady has done nothing but talk of you ever ſince you left her on the road—and ſhe deſires you will go and ſee her Lady directly.

rectly.——And ſhe ſays too, that ſhe'll get us a lodging in the ſame houſe before night; but that is to be kept a ſecret from her miſtreſs.

CLOWNLY. I am very much obliged to Mrs. Fiſh for her contrivance; and I ſhall give her a very handſome preſent to ſatisfy her.

HUMPH. Lord, Sir, there is no occaſion for that—I ſhall kiſs her now and then, and I dare ſay that will be quite ſatisfaction enough. But come, Sir, we muſt go directly.

CLOWNLY. Do you know, Humphry, that my heart miſgives me.

HUMPH. What! now you are ſo near ſeeing the Lady! Come, come, maſter, be merry.

CLOWNLY. Ah! Humphry; if I had continued poor—if I had never been your maſter, I might have been merry.

HUMPH. "Never been my maſter"—How can you talk ſo? Why, they are people in the world would give any money to be my maſter.—Why now, there's my wife—ſhe'd give every farthing ſhe has to be my maſter; but I tell her, No—No, Jane, ſays I, you ſhall never be my maſter.

CLOWNLY. Oh, if I thought I ſhould get Miſs Angle——

HUMPH. I'll forfeit my head if you don't.—Have you not every thing to get her with?—

Fine

Fine clothes, in your box there, and plenty of money.—I never heard of a woman that cou'd not be got with fine clothes and plenty of money; nay, often, without either money or clothes.

CLOWNLY. But, I tell you, that won't do with her—there is ſomething more required.—I can't talk to her—I am at a loſs for words.—

HUMPH. You can't be at a loſs for words, while you are courting!—Women will always give you two for your one.—I know my wife did—and egad, tho' we have left off courting, ſo ſhe does now.

CLOWNLY. Come—I'll ſet off.——Call a coach.

HUMPH. Ay, Sir, and I'll ride behind it, for fear I ſhould get ſtruck again.—'Tis very odd that any lady ſhould wiſh to ſtrike me.

(*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

Miſs ANGLES's *Apartments.*

Enter Miſs ANGLE *and* FISH.

FISH. DEAR Madam, let me perſuade you to put on your other gown, for now his Lordſhip has kept it thus long, I dare ſay he'll bring it home himſelf.

Miſs ANGLE. I begin to be uneaſy.—Did the porter ſay, he was ſure his Lordſhip was at home?

FISH. Quite ſure, Ma'am—ſo we may expect him every minute; for he wou'd certainly have ſent it back before now, if he had not intended to have brought it himſelf.—Do, Madam, change that ugly gown.——And what do you think of your other cap?—Your becoming cap?—Hark?—No—that's only a ſingle rap.—The deuce take him, he has ſent it home by a porter, perhaps?

Miſs ANGLE. I don't care how, ſo I get it again—for I begin to be alarmed, leſt by ſome accident—

(Fiſh *looks out of the window.*)

Miſs ANGLE. Is it that?

FISH. No, Ma'am, 'tis the milk-woman.—Perhaps, Ma'am, his Lordſhip mayn't call with it 'till the morning.

Miſs ANGLE. Well, thank heaven, her Ladyſhip ſleeps from home, you ſay; ſo ſhe can't miſs it to-night; and then, if we have heard nothing from him, you ſhall go after it, Fiſh —for as ſoon as her Ladyſhip comes home in the morning—

FISH. And the worſt of it is—I am not ſure ſhe is to ſtay out all night!—

Miſs ANGLE. You told me ſhe was.

FISH. I did it for your good.—I knew you wou'd not have ſent it to his Lordſhip, if I had not ſaid ſo.

Miſs ANGLE. Ridiculous!—And I ſtill worſe to liſten to you.

FISH. Dear Ma'am, don't fret about it,—but think of Mr. Clownly.—I am ſure he looks very beautiful; and ſo does his man, Humphry! And pray, ma'am, did not you ſee, by his maſter's looks, that he is in love with you?

Miſs ANGLE. Pſhaw!—

FISH. Nay, madam, you need not ſneer at him: for if his Lordſhip ſhou'd never ſend back the ſhawl——

Miſs ANGLE. Heavens!

FISH. We ſhall ſtand in need of a rich friend to make it up with Lady Mary. (*A loud rap.*) There's his Lordſhip!—That's his rap! —I know

—I know it ſo well; I could ſwear to it at any time.—Now, madam, how do you look?—vaſtly well, I declare!—Lord how well I know his rap!—(*Goes to the door.*) I wiſh I may die if it is not Lady Mary!—

Miſs ANGLE. Oh! I ſhall faint!

FISH. The firſt thing ſhe does, will be to look at her ſhawl.

Miſs ANGLE. Run, fly—take a coach, and fly to Lord Lighthead's with my compliments—I made a miſtake—he did not ſend it—but another perſon—who now has claim'd it—and I muſt return it immediately.

FISH. Well, ma'am,—I'll do all I can.

Enter Lady MARY.

Lady MARY. Oh! Mrs. Fiſh!—Where are you going in ſuch a hurry?

FISH. A little way, my Lady,—on—a little buſineſs.

(*Exit* Fiſh.)

Lady MARY. My dear Angle! I have been ſhopping.—(*Sits.*)—Well, marriage is an expenſive thing.—'Tis well it comes but once in one's life.

Miſs ANGLE. With ſome people, Ma'am, it comes oftner.

Lady MARY. And with ſome, not at all—Now that was very near the caſe with me, 'till I ſtruck Mr. Walmſley!—By the bye, he grows more and more attentive.—He has been taking me to the jeweller's—and ſee there!—All theſe are his preſents.

Miſs ANGLE. How profuſe!—

Lady MARY. But, my dear, you know all this is nothing to the ſhawl!—That, to be ſure is the genteeleſt—moſt elegant preſent—as I live, here is the generous donor!

Enter WALMSLEY.

WALMSLEY. Ladies, I preſume, I don't intrude?—Miſs Angle, how do you do?—I beg patdon for not having called on you lately—I ſhould—but I don't know—one is always happening of one accident or another, to prevent one's deſigns.—

Lady MARY. Very true.

WALMSLEY. Has your Ladyſhip been ſhewing Miſs Angle any of your purchaſes?—

Lady MARY. Yes—and ſhe's quite in love with your generoſity!

WALMSLEY. Pſhaw!—Pſhaw!—No generoſity at all.—Have you ſeen the ſhawl, Miſs?—

Miſs ANGLE. Yes, Sir.

Lady

Lady MARY. Yes—yes—I told you, you know, how much ſhe admired it.—And even poor Fiſh ſeem'd to know its value.

WALMSLEY. Why, that ſhawl——

Lady MARY. I'll go fetch it.

Miſs ANGLE. (*Holding her.*) Dear Madam, don't trouble yourſelf.—

Lady MARY. What, would not you wiſh to ſee it again?

Miſs ANGLE. Yes—Indeed, I would.——But—

WALMSLEY. Are you ſure you have ſeen it?—

Miſs ANGLE. Yes, Sir,—very ſure.—

WALMSLEY. (*To Lady Mary.*) Why then ſit ſtill.

Lady MARY. No, Mr. Walmſley, the tea is waiting.—Miſs Angle, you muſt come and drink tea with Mr. Walmſley and me.—We came on purpoſe to fetch you.

WALMSLEY. Your Ladyſhip will excuſe my ſtepping to a friend's in the next ſtreet.—I'll be back inſtantly.

Lady MARY. Certainly.—Come, Miſs Angle—

Miſs ANGLE. I'll wait on your Ladyſhip in a moment.

WALMSLEY. (*Sighing.*) Will your Ladyſhip honour me with your hand?

Lady MARY. (*Curtſies and ſmiles*) The honour is done to me, Mr. Walmſley.

WALMSLEY. So I think. (*Aſide.*) Heigh ho! Heigh ho!

(*Leads her off.*

Miſs ANGLE. Their civility diſtracts me!—How impatient I am for the return of Fiſh?

Enter FISH, *out of Breath.*

Miſs ANGLE. You have not been!

FISH. Dear Madam, I met with his Lordſhip in the ſtreet, going out with a heap of noblemen.—Oh! Madam, we are undone.

(*Begins to cry.*)

Miſs ANGLE. How? What? Don't keep me in ſuſpenſe.

FISH. Why, Madam, I called his Lordſhip on one ſide; and do you know he had the impudence to ſay, he did give you the ſhawl—and he was much oblig'd to you for returning it.—

Miſs ANGLE. Oh heavens!

FISH. And then when I cry'd, and took on—he offered to pay me for it—and what do you think he offer'd me?—

Miſs ANGLE. I don't know!—

FISH.

FISH. Five guineas.—He ſaid, he had no more about him—ſo I thought I ſhould get nothing elſe—and ſo I had better take that.—
(*Shewing the money.*)

Miſs ANGLE. You did not?—

FISH. Yes, ma'am—for I thought it might help to hire counſel to plead for us at the bar: for we ſhall certainly be taken up.
(*Cries.*)

Miſs ANGLE. Heavens!—Conceal your uneaſineſs.—I muſt go to Lady Mary directly—ſhe expects me to tea.

FISH. Oh! How ſhall I ever look Lady Mary in the face?

Miſs ANGLE. What diſtreſs—

FISH. Now, Ma'am—now for it (*Liſtning at the door.*) I hear her in her chamber, and now ſhe'll miſs it.

Miſs ANGLE. Stay with me, Fiſh, or I ſhall faint!

FISH. Dear Ma'am, don't look ſo frighten'd!—If you do, indeed I ſhall go into fits!—indeed I ſhall!—For I know Mr. Walmſley is ſuch a cruel man, he'll hang us both, notwithſtanding we are two ſuch poor, little, innocent lambs.

Miſs ANGLE. Be more on your guard.—

FISH.

FISH. Ay, madam, we muſt put a good face on it, for if we don't ſhe'll ſuſpect us.—I won't cry any more I am determined.

Enter Lady MARY.

Lady MARY. My dear Angle, and my dear Fiſh, I am terrified out of my life! do you know I laid my ſhawl on the bed—ſpread it on with my own hands—turn'd and look'd at it again as I went out of the room, and ſaw it ſafe—and now 'tis gone—nor can I find it high nor low.

Miſs ANGLE. Your Ladyſhip does not think it is loſt?

FISH. Loſt, ma'am!—that's likely indeed?—We have no thieves in this houſe, I am ſure.—You, (*To Miſs Angle.*) I ſuppoſe, ma'am, wou'd not ſteal it?——And I don't know what a poor ſervant, like me, ſhould do with a ſhawl.—I cou'd not wear it if I had it.—Beſides, my character——

Miſs ANGLE. Huſh, Fiſh!——

Lady MARY. I ſuſpect no one, Mrs. Fiſh.—Heaven forbid I ſhould—but the thing is gone.

FISH. Dear me, what a pity!——

Miſs ANGLE. Is your Ladyſhip ſure you laid it on the bed?

Lady

Lady MARY. Sure—juſt as I told you.

FISH. How my Lady was it?—The long ways on the bed, or the croſs ways?——Thus! (*Folding her handkerchief.*)

Miſs ANGLE. Has your Ladyſhip enquired below?

Lady MARY. Of every creature.—But no one comes into my Apartments, but my own ſervant, and ſhe is juſt ſtept out.

FISH. Then ſhe knows where it is I dare ſay, ma'am.

Lady MARY. If ſhe does not, I don't know what I ſhall do—I believe I ſhall loſe my ſenſes!

(*Sitting down.*)

Miſs ANGLE. Dear madam! altho' it was certainly a moſt valuable thing! yet conſider—

FISH. Ay, madam, conſider it was ſaved from the ſtorm as it came over.—You ought to bleſs yourſelf you got it at all—tho' to be ſure you have not had it long.

Lady MARY. O! if I had never ſeen it, I had been happy!—I ſhould not then have known my loſs.

Miſs ANGLE. But, madam, you are not certain you have loſt it—ſtay till you ſee your woman.

Lady

Lady MARY. I know ſhe has not removed it.—I charged her not to touch it. Oh! 'tis gone! 'tis gone! 'tis gone!

(*Riſing.*)

FISH. (*In the ſame tone.*) Oh! that I did but know who had got it!

Lady MARY. Come hither, Betty—(*Enter Betty*)—you never ſaw your poor Lady in ſuch diſtreſs in your life.—Did you touch my ſhawl?

BETTY. No, my Lady—I never touch any thing.

Lady MARY. I told you ſo.—And did you let nobody into my bedchamber?

BETTY. No, my Lady—but I ſaw Mrs. Fiſh come out there this morning.

FISH. Oh! Oh! Oh!

BETTY. Indeed, Mrs. Fiſh, I did.

FISH. Oh dear! Oh dear! Oh dear!

Lady MARY. What do you cry for, child? If you took it, confeſs, and I'll forgive you.

FISH. I took it, ma'am?——no ma'am—that's not what I cry for.—'Tis becauſe I am ſure I ſhan't live long.——For if ſhe ſaw me come out of your Ladyſhip's room, it was my apparition; and you never live long after your apparition has been ſeen to walk.

Miſs

Miſs ANGLE. But were you there?—Do you know any thing of it?

FISH. No more than you do, ma'am.
(*Exit Betty.*)

Lady MARY. Well! I pity poor Mr. Walmſley.—It is a hard thing to ſay—for it will be a great diſappointment to him—but I don't think I'll marry if I have loſt it.——No, if I have loſt it I won't be married—

Enter Mr. WALMSLEY.

WALMSLEY. Ladies, I come to tell you—

Lady MARY. (*Walking in a rage.*) Don't teize me—don't argue with me—don't attempt to ſhake my reſolution.—I won't marry you.

WALMSLEY. Did I hear right?—Or did my ears deceive me?—You won't marry me?

Lady MARY. No.——

WALMSLEY. The bells ſhall ring, *notwithſtanding*.—The poor ringers ſhan't loſe their fee! —And I'll give a dinner too! a very good dinner!—a better dinner than I intended.

Lady MARY. Sir!

WALMSLEY. Here's an accident!—Why, it will make me more than amends for that unlucky one in the morning! (*Aſide.*)

Lady

Lady MARY. What does he ſay?

WALMSLEY. I was ſaying, I muſt give a very elegant entertainment on Thurſday, notwithſtanding the match is broken off.—And I believe I ſhall write to my tenants and have a bullock roaſted.

Lady MARY. There!—Do you hear him!

Miſs ANGLE. Dear Mr. Walmſley, her Ladyſhip has been only in joke.

WALMSLEY. And 'tis the beſt joke I ever heard.——Miſs Angle, I never aſked her to have me but once.——I happened to be in a violent paſſion, and I did aſk her once.

Lady MARY. There!—He owns his violent paſſion.

WALMSLEY. But it was not for you.—However, I was in a paſſion, and ſhe ſnap'd me up.—You took me at my word, and now I take you at yours; and we have done with each other.

Lady MARY. Cruel ſavage!—I dare ſay he has ſtolen the ſhawl himſelf, on purpoſe to break off the match.

WALMSLEY. What ſhawl?

FISH. Why, Sir, the fine grand one you were ſo good as to give her Ladyſhip: ſome wicked wretch has been making free with.

Lady

Lady MARY. Yes—'tis loſt—'tis gone.—Don't you pity me?

WALMSLEY. No.—I am vaſtly glad.

Lady MARY. Oh! Heavens!—This is the man that is to be ſoon my huſband—The partner of all my joys! and all my ſorrows!

WALMSLEY. No.—Your La'yſhip's ſorrows are too violent—and if your joys had proved the ſame, egad, I don't know which would have been the moſt inſupportable.

Miſs ANGLE. Dear Sir, her Ladyſhip was ſo much agitated merely becauſe it was a preſent from you.

WALMSLEY. Well, Miſs—but where the deuce is it?—Who has been in the houſe?

Miſs ANGLE and Lady Mary. No creature.

FISH. The Rats carried away one of my ſhoes laſt night, and eat a great hole in my apron.

WALMSLEY. I will find out what Rat has got it—I'll go to Bow-ſtreet directly.—You are ſure no-body has been here to-day?—Who was that countryman I met on the ſtairs this morning?

FISH. A Mr. Clownly, Sir.—A gentleman that call'd to ſee my miſtreſs, becauſe we all happened to be fellow-travellers on the road—Laud! ſure he did not take it?

WALMSLEY. I'll be damn'd if he did not!

Miſs ANGLE. Dear Sir!

WALMSLEY. Write me down his name, Mrs. Fiſh, (or at leaſt the name he goes by) and where he is to be found, if you know.

FISH. Oh yes, Sir.

Miſs ANGLE. Heavens! Dear Sir, you judge wrong. I am ſure he did not take it.

FISH. Now I have ſome little reaſon to think he did——Here's his direction, Sir.

Lady MARY. The country gentleman you told me of—Do you ſuſpect him, Miſs Angle?

Miſs ANGLE. No, ma'am—no.—*(Aſide.)* What can I do? I dare not confeſs.—Lord Lighthead may juſtly ſay I ſold it him.——What will become of me?

WALMSLEY. Well, Miſs Angle, I can do this gentleman no harm in having him taken up, and hearing what he has to ſay for himſelf—and I'll about it directly.——Her Ladyſhip has had one loſs already, in loſing me, and I don't think 'tis right ſhe ſhould have another.—Beſides, I have now a value for the thing.—Who wou'd have thought that little ſhawl wou'd have turned out of ſuch conſequence? Providence preſerved it from the ſtorm at ſea, to ſave me from a worſe ſtorm on land.

(Exit.

Lady

Lady MARY. I'll be as gentle as Zephyrs.—Plead for me, ſpeak for me, dear Miſs Angle.

Miſs ANGLE. I will, Madam.—It is my duty.—Depend upon it I will reconcile you.

Enter BETTY.

BETTY. Dear my Lady, as Mr. Walmſley went out, he bid me obſerve if I ſhould ſee the country gentleman, or his man, who were here this morning; for that he believed they were both no better than two highwaymen; and ſo, Madam, the ſervant is juſt come up to the back door;—and ſo I'm come to let your Ladyſhip know.

Lady MARY. I'm ſorry Mr. Walmſley is gone.

BETTY. Shall I go for a conſtable, Ma'am?

Lady MARY. No—we'll proceed by fair means firſt.—Fiſh, you know the ſervant, go you and call him in; and I'll queſtion him.

FISH. Dear, my Lady! A poor ignorant creature!—He knows nothing!—You won't underſtand him, nor make him underſtand you.

Lady MARY. Oh, that ignorance may be pretended—put on for the time. Call him in,—Why don't you go?

FISH. *(Going.)* What can I ſay to him? If ſhe ſhould call him a thief, he'll perhaps ſerve her as he did the woman in the Piazza.

(Exit.

Miſs ANGLE. Theſe harmleſs creatures are no thieves.

Lady MARY. Dear Miſs Angle, I wiſh to do them no injury—for if I could but ſecure Mr. Walmſley once more, I did not care if every thief in London was ſet at liberty.—Here the man comes.—What a hanging look he has?—I hope he has not got piſtols about him.—Let us draw this way.

(They retire.

Enter FISH *and* HUMPHRY.

FISH. Lady Mary, my miſtreſs's particular acquaintance, wants to aſk you a few queſtions.—What ſhall I ſay to him? *(Aſide.)* She is a comical kind of a woman!—You muſt know ſhe has been out to dinner—and whenever that is the caſe, ſhe always—you underſtand me—*(Putting her hand up to her mouth as if ſhe were drinking)* and then ſhe comes home in ſuch an ill temper, there is no peace or quietneſs for her.

HUMPH. That is ſo like my wife!

FISH. She'll aſk you a heap of fooliſh queſtions, but don't you mind her—only ſay, Yes; and No; and ſo on.

HUMPH.

HUMPH. Ay, that juſt ſuits me.—I can ſay Yes; and No; and am never at a loſs.—But, hark ye, ſhe don't fight in her cups, I hope; I've had one blow already you know.

Lady MARY. (*Coming forward.*) So Mr. Humphry. What ſhall I ſay to him? (*Aſide.*) Your name is Humphry, I think?

HUMPH. Yes, Madam—I'm much oblig'd to you.

Miſs ANGLE. This is inſupportable. (*Exit.*)

Lady MARY. And pray, how do you like London?

HUMPH. Very well, I thank you, Madam; pray how do you like it?

Lady MARY. This folly is put on. (*Aſide.*) Pray, Mr. Humphry, have you any acquaintance in town?

HUMPH. None: except your honour.—I have no acquaintance to give me a drop of any thing to drink.—And, you know, your Honour, that's a ſad thing.

Lady MARY. I do know it—and you ſhan't want for ſomething to drink.—Better prevail on him by kindneſs, and he may diſcover all. (*Aſide.*) Here is ſomething for you to drink.

(*Gives him money.*

HUMPH. Thank your Honour.—Well, I declare your ſtaunch drinkers have more generoſity than any people in the world! (*Aſide.*

Lady MARY. I am at a loſs how to accuſe this man, tho' I am ſure either he or his maſter is guilty. (*Aſide.*) Mr. Humphry, I am very ſorry——

HUMPH. Your Honour!—

Lady MARY. I ſay, I am very ſorry—very ſorry, indeed—

HUMPH. Oh! Madam, never be ſorry about it.—For my part, I ſhould hardly have found it out, if I had not been told of it.—Beſides, nobody has any thing to do with it, but yourſelf;—and if they had, you are ſuch a good companion (*Looking at his money*), nobody can be angry with you.

Lady MARY. What do you mean?—No croſs-purpoſes—but anſwer me directly.—Do you know any thing of my ſhawl?

HUMPH. Your what, Ma'am?—Your ſhawl? Ha, ha, ha, ha!—Oh! you'll have a fine head-ach for this to-morrow morning.

Lady MARY. What?

HUMPH. I would not be ſo ill as you'll be for five guineas.

Lady MARY. The fellow is laughing at me! —Fiſh, call a conſtable; I'll have him taken up.

HUMPH.

HUMPH. Take me up!—Lord, Ma'am, do you lie down—only for half an hour—only juſt for half an hour—you can't think how refreſh'd you'll be.—It will clear all this away; (*Pointing to his head*) and you'll be quite another woman.

Lady MARY. What do you mean?

HUMPH. Nay, I know a nap is of vaſt conſequence to me at theſe times—eſpecially when my liquor makes me ill-tempered.

Lady MARY. The man's mad—I'll have him ſecured directly. Call a conſtable.

HUMPH. Do, your Honour, let me perſuade you to take a baſon of camomile tea.—

Enter Miſs ANGLE.

Lady MARY. Miſs Angle, come hither.—Did you ever hear ſuch an inſult?—Fiſh—Fiſh—Call all the people of the houſe.—Who's there? Come and ſecure this robber.—My anger is rouz'd, and I'll be reveng'd.—

HUMPH. How like my wife!

Miſs ANGLE. Dear Madam—

Enter CLOWNLY.

CLOWNLY. What's the matter?

Miſs ANGLE. Mr. Clownly, I rejoice to ſee you!—Lady Mary has had ſome altercation with

with your ſervant, but I believe he has not been to blame.

HUMPH. How her poor head will ach for this!

(Exit, taking off Fiſh.

CLOWNLY. *(To Lady Mary.)* Dear Madam, have the goodneſs—

Enter WALMSLEY.

WALMSLEY. I have done the job.—The thief is taken—and who do you think it is?—The very perſon in the world!—Bu Jupiter! I wou'd not have loſt the pleaſure of taking her up for fifty times the value of the thing.——I caught her juſt as ſhe was going into Covent Garden theatre, with the goods upon her.—So with the help of one of the playhouſe conſtables, I handed her (in ſpite of her ſqualling) into a coach, and have brought her here that ſhe may be properly expoſed.

Lady MARY and Miſs ANGLE. What can this mean?

WALMSLEY. *(Speaking loud.)* Deſire the conſtable to bring up the woman in cuſtody.—Sir, *(To Clownly.)* whoever you are, I beg your pardon—you are not a thief, that I know of—if you are, that's beſt known to yourſelf.—I'm a little buſy, Sir, at preſent—you'll excuſe me!—Conſtable, bring up the priſoner!—Why don't

don't you come?—Surely there never was ſuch an accident!

Enter CONSTABLE *with* Lady LOVEALL.

WALMSLEY. There!—You ſee the goods are upon her!

Lady LOVEALL. Inſupportable!—Have not I affirmed, that it was preſented to me by Lord Lighthead?

Miſs ANGLE. I am tortured! *(Aſide.*

Lady LOVEALL. It is not to be borne?—Sir, you know 'tis mine.—This is only a ſcheme, on purpoſe to diſtreſs me, in revenge for what I diſcovered this morning!

WALMSLEY. Ay, you were vaſtly pleaſed at that.—And now 'tis only evening, and I have diſcovered ſomething that pleaſes me.

Lady LOVEALL. Very well—go on.—But I have ſent my ſervant to Lord Lighthead, to inform him of this affair, and I am certain the moment he has found him, his Lordſhip will come and clear me!

WALMSLEY. There wants no clearing!—Every thing is clear enough!

Enter

Enter Lord LIGHTHEAD.

Lord LIGHTH. Dear Uncle!—Dear Lady Loveall! What's the matter?—Juſt as I was ſtepping into my coach, a ſummons came to me, to attend you upon life and death.—What's the matter?

WALMSLEY. No,—no death in the caſe.—I believe nothing more than hard labour on the Thames.

Lord LIGHTH. Sir, altho' you are my Uncle, this inſult to a Lady with whom I have the honour to be acquainted, is not to be ſuffered.—I preſented the Lady with that ſhawl.—It was ſent to me by this Lady, *(Pointing to Miſs Angle)* and a few houts after ſhe ſent it, her ſervant received five guineas for it.

Miſs ANGLE. 'Tis true.—I confeſs it.—Guilt and ſhame overpower me!

WALMSLEY. *(To Miſs Angle)*. Why the devil did you confeſs? Nobody would have ſeen it in your face!—Beſides, you have robb'd me of the pleaſure of conducting her Ladyſhip to a priſon; and damn me, if I ever met with ſo great a diſappointment.

Miſs ANGLE. Conduct me, Sir,—I am ready to attend you.

Lady MARY. She has deſtroyed my peace—and I ſhall ſee her go to priſon without a ſigh.

CLOWNLY.

CLOWNLY. But I would not, without loſing my life.—Madam, I'll ſatisfy you for whatever loſs you may have ſuſtained by this Lady.

Lady MARY. You can't ſatisfy me.—I've loſt Mr. Walmſley.

WALMSLEY. Ay, now aſk her, what ſhe demands for me.

Lady MARY. I ſhall take nothing leſs than the gentleman himſelf.

WALMSLEY. Well—I like her for that—ſhe does not undervalue me.

Miſs ANGLE. Mr. Clownly, while you imagine you are giving your protection to a thief only—you are protecting a more deſpicable character. Had poverty ſeduced me to the crime of which I am accuſed, leſs would have been my remorſe, leſs ought to have been the cenſure incurred—But vanity—folly—a miſtaken confidence in that gentleman's honour, and my own attractions, prompted me to avail myſelf of a contemptible ſcheme, in order to regain his acquaintance, which (admitting what he profeſs'd to me real) he himſelf wou'd have rejoiced at.—But the event has proved and diſcovered both our hearts—nor can I reproach him with the cruelty of his, while I experience the moſt poignant reproofs of an inward monitor for the guilty folly of my own.

Lady LOVEALL. And ſo this was only a ſcheme for the Lady to procure a huſband.——

Here,

Here, Lady Mary, is your beloved ſhawl.—Take it, and take care——

WALMSLEY. Yes, do you take care of that, and I'll take care of myſelf.—Yet, I don't know, perhaps I may have her; but if I may judge by appearance——

Lord LIGHTH. On that witneſs, who in company has not, throughout the adventures of this day, appeared culpable?

WALMSLEY. Very true—Even I myſelf at one time made no very innocent figure.—— Theſe adventures ſhall then be a warning to us, never to judge with ſeverity, while the parties have only appearances againſt them.

FINIS.

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